

Labyrinth by Thatshortawkwardgirl

Category: IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Canon-Typical Violence, Child Abuse, Child Neglect, Childhood Friends, Coming of Age, Emotional/Psychological Abuse, Found Family, Henry Bowers Being an Asshole, Homophobic Language, I'm Bad At Tagging, Losers Club (IT) Friendship, Non-Graphic Rape/Non-Con, Patrick Hockstetter is His Own Warning, Physical Abuse, The 8th loser, The Losers Club (IT) Love Each Other

Language: English

Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Henry Bowers, Mike Hanlon, Original Female Character(s), Oscar "Butch" Bowers, Patrick Hockstetter, Pennywise (IT), Reginald "Belch" Huggins, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris, Victor Criss

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2019-11-19

Updated: 2019-12-04

Packaged: 2019-12-17 17:45:29

Rating: Mature

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings, Graphic Depictions Of Violence, Underage

Chapters: 2

Words: 2,900

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Ellie Bowers was an intelligent girl with a bright future ahead of her, as long as she stays on the path to get her out of Derry. But with a neglectful father, a crazy brother, and his crazier friend not to mention a murderous clown that lives in the sewers and eats kids, her path is not so clear.

Together Ellie and her friends conquer their worst fears to escape with their lives, all the while finding that family doesn't have to be blood.

1. Summer Begins

Author's Note:

The first OC I've written in a while, so I'm still a little iffy about it. But thank you for clicking and reading.

(Also, I posted this before but instead of deleting the second chapter I deleted the entire thing.)

Ellie Bowers sat in the back of the classroom, looking out the window at the beautiful summer day, taunting her from behind the glass. It was the last class of the school year, and their teacher Mr. Moore insisted on teaching his students one last lesson before sending them on their way, making Ellie wonder if this was how the prisoners in Shawshank felt. When the bell finally rang, the entire class broke out in a sprint to the door. Ellie took her time collecting her things before walking to the door, only to be stopped by Mr. Moore.

"Miss. Bowers." He called out.

"Mr. Moore." She replied Ellie liked Mr. Moore; he was a kind, older man who was passionate about teaching.

"I just wanted to tell you what a joy it has been having you in my class." He praised, "I can't remember the last time I had a student who was just so eager and willing to learn."

Ellie stared at the man a bit confused; she noticed her friends waiting for her outside the classroom and wanted nothing more than to join them.

"I think you have a very bright future ahead of you." He continued, and suddenly Ellie knew where the conversation was going. She received the same lecture every year, always followed by the same look of pity. "I know you have a challenging path ahead of you, and I just hope you continue to move forward and -"

"Don't end up like my brother?" Ellie finished with a half-hearted laugh, "You don't have to worry, Mr. Moore. I'm nothing like Henry."

Instead of a smile of pity, the old man's smile was warm and comforting, "I know that dear, now go and enjoy your summer, you're only a kid once you know." With a pat on the back, Mr. Moore sent her on her way. Ellie gave the man a friendly wave before she joined her friends, who were in the middle of a different type of awkward conversation.

"They slice the tip of his dick off." Eddie Kaspbrak stated matter-of-fact way.

"What are you guys talking about?" Ellie asked, looking at the boys in confusion before the group began to maneuver there way through the crowded halls.

"Stan's Bar Mitzvah." Bill Denbrough replied.

"And what do dicks have to do with Stanley's Bar Mitzvah?" Ellie pressed already, knowing she was going to regret asking.

"They slice a bit of his dick off," Eddie repeated.

"But then Stan will have nothing left!" Richie Tozier exclaimed.

Ellie laughed playfully, bumping Richie's shoulder, starting a full out shoving match that could only be stopped by Bill standing between them.

"It's true." Eddie pipped up, breaking the rest of the group in a fit of giggles.

"Why would Stan invite us to something like that?" Ellie asked.

"Well, I know why he would invite you," Richie winked.

Ellie rolled her eyes, "No, guys, this is Stan we're talking about."

"What do y-y-you think happens?" Bill wondered, the three boys each turning their attention to Ellie.

"I don't know," She admitted scrunching up her face, "For all, I know

Eddie could be right."

"Wait up, you guys!" Stan Uris called, running to catch up with them. With all five children together, the group of children made up the losers club — the outcasts and misfits of the entire school.

Stan grabbed ahold of Eddie's backpack slowing the group down long enough for Stan to catch up,

"Stanley, what happens at a Bar Mitzvah?" Ellie asked, turning to look at the boy behind her.

"Ed says they slice the tip of your d-d-dick off," Bill added.

"Yeah, and I think the rabbi's gonna pull down your pants turn to the crowd and say 'Where's the beef?'" Richie interrupted, making them all laugh.

"At the Bar Mitzvah, I read from the Torah." Stan explained, "and then I make a speech, and suddenly I become a man."

"I could think of funner ways to become a man, am I right, Elle... Elle? ...Ellie?" Richie was the first to notice the change in the girl's demeanor from happy-go-lucky to Sullum and quiet.

"More fun, you mean." Stan corrected not noticing the change in his friend's demeanor until they walked past the cause, "Oh, shit."

Ellie's older brother Henry Bowers, the older boy, struck fear in the other students, but they weren't aware of half the things he was capable of. With Henry stood the only person Ellie feared more than her brother, Patrick Hockstetter. Along with them stood Victor Criss and Reginald 'Belch' Higgins, two boys who were just along for the ride.

As they passed Henry's gang, Ellie could feel Patrick's leering eyes on her, making the girl's skin crawl. She didn't seem to notice Richie switch places with a reluctant Bill to wrap a comforting arm around her shoulders.

"Think they'll sign my yearbook?" He asked her, lightening the mood. "Dear Richie, sorry for taking a hot steaming dump in your backpack

last March. Have a great summer."

Ellie gave a small laugh as they continued to walk.

"Best feeling ever." Stan happily proclaimed as he and the other losers dumped their school supplies into the trash.

"Yeah?" Richie questioned, "Try tickling your pickle for the first time."

"Hmm." Ellie groaned, scrunching up her face in disgust, "Richie, no more penis talk."

"Yes, more penis talk," Richie cheered, "You wanna know how you get Dick from Richard?... You ask me nicely." Richie punctuated his joke with an exaggerated wink that Ellie rolled her eyes in response playfully shoving him.

"Hey, what do you guys wanna do tomorrow?" Eddie asked, interrupting the pair before their bickering escalated his cheeks a light shade of pink from Richie's joke.

"I start my training," Richie answered while he adjusted his glasses.

"Wait, what training?"

"Streetfighter."

"Is that how you wanna spend your summer? Inside of an arcade?"

"Beats spending it inside your mother. Oh!" Richie turned to Stan for a high-five that was quickly shot down.

"What if we go to the quarry?" Stan suggested, his eyes meeting with Ellie's before he quickly looked away.

"Guys, we have the B-b-barrens." Bill reminded looking towards Ellie for reassurance. The girl nodded, placing a hand on his shoulder to show her support.

"Right." Stan agreed, watching Bill and Ellie with a hint of jealousy.

"Betty Ripsom's mom." Eddie pointed out. The four other losers turned to see a woman anxiously watching as the students left the school accompanied by two policemen, one being Ellie's father.

"Is she really expecting to see her come out of that school?" Stan asked, shaking his head in disbelief.

"I don't know." Eddie replied, "As if Betty Ripsom's been hiding in home EC for the last few weeks."

"She's desperate." Ellie sympathized, "I heard my dad say they're ready to stop searching."

"You think they'll actually find her?" Stan asked.

"Sure, in a ditch. All decomposed, covered in worms and maggots smelling like Eddie's mom's underwear," Richie jeered, motioning towards Eddie.

"Shut up! That's freaking disgusting." Eddie scoffed.

"She's not dead. She's m-m-missing." Bill stuttered

"Sorry, Bill. She's missing." Richie agreed as they all turned to leave, "You know the Barrens aren't that bad."

"Oh?" Ellie mused.

"Who doesn't love splashing around in shitty water?" Richie asked before he was flung back into Stan, knocking them both to the ground. Ellie instantly froze in place as her brother and his friends approached them. Patrick crouched down next to Stan, taking the boys fallen kippah.

"Nice frisbee, flamer." Patrick snorted as Stan tried in vain to get it back before Patrick threw the cap on to an oncoming bus as it passed. "Fucking losers."

Belch stood behind Eddie, burping loudly in the boy's ear, making him gag.

"Losers." Henry spat out, pushing past Bill."

"You s-s-suck Bowers." Bill snarled, stopping Henry dead in his tracks. Ellie was quick to take Bill's hand, trying desperately to pull the boy back.

"Shut up, Bill," Eddie scolded.

"You s-s-s-say something, B-b-b-billy?" Henry mocked approaching Bill slowly, "You got a free ride this year 'cause of your little Brother. You can thank my sister for that." He pointed toward Ellie in disgust. "But that ride's over, Denborough, your little girlfriend can't save you now." Henry was inches from Bill, glaring down at the boy until the sound of a police radio caught him off guard. Henry looked up and for the first time, noticed his father angrily watching them. A nervous Henry took a small step back briefly, looking at his sister with a hint of compassion before turning back to Bill. This summers gonna be a hurt train." he threatened "For you and your faggot friends." Henry licked the palm of his hand, wiping it on the side of Bill's face.

Ellie was too focused on Bill and her brother she didn't notice Patrick approaching her until he had his hands clutching her shoulders, "We takin' her with us?" He asked.

"I'd rather walk," she stated nervously looking at her four friends, pleading with them to save her.

"Suit yourself." Patrick scoffed, "but I'll still be seein', yeah." A sinister smile played of his lips before he roughly shoved her to the ground laughing as he walked off with the other bullies to Belches' car quickly racing off.

Ellie got back on her feet brushing off the dirt when Stan came up to her,

"You alright?" the concern was evident in his voice.

Ellie forced a smile before nodding, "Yeah, I'm fine."

"I wish he'd go missing," Richie confessed

"No such luck." Ellie scoffed

“He’s probably the one doing it.” Eddie stated, “No offense Elle.”

Ellie shrugged her shoulders, “It would make sense.” she admitted looking back at Mrs. Ripson.

2. Distraction

Summary for the Chapter:

The next day,

Ellie gets distracted from meeting Bill and Richie.

Notes for the Chapter:

Trigger Warning, a strong indication of rape, and abuse. I think that is it.

“Ellie laid on her bedroom floor, staring up at the cheap plastic glow in the dark stars stuck to her ceiling when out of the corner of her eye, she noticed an old worn pair of pointe shoes. All of the losers had something to distract them from the pain of adolescence, Richie had videogames, Eddie had model cars, Stan had bird watching, Bill had his stories, and Ellie had ballet. That is until her father stopped paying or her lessons. Ellie loved to dance; it was something special she and her mother shared, which Ellie suspects are the reason her father stopped paying. Ellie retrieved the shoes from under her bed, quickly putting them on before standing up in front of the mirror. With a deep breath, testing the water with a single spin. Ellie spun again and again and again, Punctuating each turn with a jab of her foot into the floor. Ellie was too focused and too determined that she failed to notice the dark looming figure standing in her doorway watching her. Only catching a glips of Patrick Hockstatter standing in her door was a wicked smile on his face, her focus was quickly lost causing her to stumble out of her turn and into Patrick’s arms

"You should be more careful, Sweetheart," Patrick smirked as he pushed the hair out of Ellie’s face. “Wouldn’t want to damage that pretty face just yet.”

The younger teen pulled away from the uncomfortable embrace, “Thanks.” She muttered, walking towards her bed. Patrick shut the door as he walked towards her. Ellie did her best to ignore Patrick as he sat down next to her, his hand on her bare knee. Ellie kept staring straight ahead, attempting to remove Patrick’s hand, slowly traveling

up Ellie's thigh, enjoying the way she fought against his touch. Removing his hand, he easily lifted Ellie and throwing her onto her bed before crawling over to continue his attack.

"Do you let Billy boy touch you like this?" Patrick asked,

"Stop." Ellie choked out, still staring ahead with tears in her eyes,

"I bet you do. I bet you let all those little freaks touch you."

"Please."

"Maybe I should pay your group a little visit sometime when you're all together." Patrick was grinning ear to ear, "I'll have a collection of little toys at my disposal

"Think they would all enjoy our little game?" Patrick snickered roughly kissing Ellie's lips as she struggled against him. Thinking fast, she bit down hard on his bottom lip, only letting go when she tasted blood. "Fuck!" He laughed, bringing one hand to his mouth while the other continued to restrain the younger teen. "You bit me?"

Ellie spits his blood out at him, trying to escape only to be tackled to the floor a wild look appearing in his eyes, looking down her. "You know I enjoy the fight."

"Just let me go," Ellie begged Patrick continued to molest her getting more and more enjoyment as she struggled against him. Violence was something that got Patrick off, and his new favorite thing was chocking. He enjoyed wrapping his hands around Ellie's thin, slender throat. Watching as her already teary eyes looked at him with such desperation, her nails digging at the skin on his hands, attempt to stop him. He would then press harder, watching her struggle for her next breath, only letting her go when he finished. Panting heavily and pushing off of her, Patrick straightened his clothes and left as if nothing had happened, and maybe in Patrick's mind, nothing did happen.

Ellie managed to stand on shaky legs, forcing herself into the bathroom. And after filling the tub with water, she got in, still wearing her dress. Ellie sunk her head under the water before

screaming, she resurfaced once before going back under this time, closing her eyes and willing herself to drift away, only for someone to burst into the bathroom. Ellie's head quickly popped up to see Richie and Bill standing awkwardly doing their best not to look at their wet friend.

"What the fuck." She spat, getting out of the tub, motioning for Richie to hand her a towel, "You idiots can look I'm dressed."

Both Bill and Richie uncovered their eyes to look at their dripping friend,

"You know there's an easier way to wash your clothes, right?" Richie asked, looking Ellie up and down, noticing something about Ellie that Bill couldn't, "You alright?"

Ellie just nodded, giving him a small smile, "Why are you guys even here? Your lucky Henry's not home."

"W-w-we waited till he left." Bill replied, "You never m-m-met us at Richie's."

"Sorry, I must have lost track of time." She lied, doing her best to ignore Richie's all-knowing eyes.

"We were wor-worried." Bill explained, "So before going to E-E-Eds, we thought we'd come to check."

"Then we noticed Henry and his whole gang were here, so we waited until they left." Richie continued

"Th-that-they were waiting for Hockstetter."

Ellie bit her lip, knowing all too well where he had been,

"He-hey Bill why don't you grab Ellie's bike from the shed so we can get this show on the road, the princess has kept us waiting enough," Richie suggested his eyes never leaving Ellie as she chewed nervously at her nails.

Bill looked between the two suspiciously but knew better than to ask questions. "Okay. But hu-hurry." Bill left, leaving Ellie and Richie

alone. Ellie still refused to look at Richie as she went back to her room to change.

“That sick fuck.” Richie spat forcing Ellie to look at him, her eyes were still red from crying, and there was a mark around her neck, “Elle-“

“No, stop. What was our one rule?” She hissed back, “It’s the one rule we’ve kept since we five years old.”

“No feeling sorry for ourselves or each other, both of our lives suck we should just get over it and move on.” Richie recited like it was the millionth time he had said it, which it probably was. “You know you bottle all this inside any longer one day; You’re going to explode and drive an ax through someone’s skull.”

“I’m willing to make that sacrifice, and hopefully, the person on the other end is willing as well.” Ellie remarked gently kicking Richie in the shine, who gently kicked her back, “Alright now either close your eyes or get out of my room I need to change.”

“Don’t worry; I imagine it’s the like the ark of the covenant, and my entire face will melt away if I see anything.”

“At least I’m not built like ET.”

“Don’t bring Eddie into this.”

It felt good for her to laugh. She finished getting dressed, tying her hair out before they went to join Bill.

“Wh-wh-what are you two giggling about?” Bill asked as soon as they made it outside, “Never mind, I’m sure I don’t want to know.”

Ellie jumped on her bike, racing off, “Come on, guys, I thought we were in a rush!” She called out as the two boys joined her.

Ellie had learned from her mother, always to show people the mask they want to see, not the mask you want to show them. No one wants to be burdened by your problems, so keep them to yourself. Ironically or not, her other’s own emotions are what drove Winnifred Bowers to leave her children with her abusive husband. Ellie sometimes

wonders if her mother ever thought about them and how different her life would have turned out if her mother had her with her when she left.

Notes for the Chapter:

Hope you enjoyed!

Author's Note:

I hope you enjoyed the story. Thank you for reading!